

BIG GAME OF CALIFORNIA.

THE HAUNTS OF THE SILVER TIPPED GRIZZLY BEAR.

Rare Bighorn Mountain Sheep—Where Mountain Lions Abound—Different Species of Deer—Elk Once Common—Hunts of Prey—Some Rare Birds.

There are more game animals in California than there are in any other State or Territory in the Union, says the San Francisco Chronicle. There are more game birds, in number of species, in the Golden State than in any other part of the American continent north of the Mexican line.

The largest carnivorous animal which has lived within the memory of man—and the most powerful—was once abundant in the sierra of the west coast. Even yet there are a few of its kind to be found in the remote hills.

The tiniest animal of the world and the smallest bird in the world are found here, along with the largest bird.

In the winter the biggest game bird, the great trumpeter swan, comes south to luxuriate in the swamps of the inland; along the coast at the same time move the smallest of game birds, the tiny sandpiper, which sweep in clouds across the sands and which fall by dozens at a single discharge of the sportsman's double barrel.

To those who are accustomed to tales of hunters returned from Asia, Africa and Newfoundland, or even from the tangled mountains which lie a few miles to the north of this State, these may seem strange statements, but they are all facts, and man who have hunted the sierra and the foothills and the seashore all bear them out.

Three animals there are in the United States which California lacks to make her faunal roster completely representative of the entire continent north of the big republic on the south.

These three are the buffalo, which is to be found in scattered parks throughout the Golden State; the moose, which probably has never existed here, and the rare blue swamp deer of the Louisiana canebrakes.

The lion is often referred to as the king of beasts. With him the elephant disputes the throne, and to a lesser degree so does the royal Bengal tiger of the Bengali hills. But there has lived in numbers in California, and even now is found in restricted localities, an animal which in single fight could, without the remotest doubt, whip either one of these with surprising ease.

This is none other than the real silver tip. Some claim that it is doubtful if any grizzly of the sierra pure brand has ever been taken alive, many are easy in conviction. Few hunters have ever come within sight of one, and none but the oldest of the men who made California their Ultima Thule in the days of '49 can truthfully boast of having slain one of these monsters.

Truth to tell the period of greatest plenty of the grizzly bear in the United States passed long before white men came to the west coast, according to the oldest and most experienced hunters in the sierra which lies from the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean. Now they are practically extinct, though it is generally conceded, both by hunters and by naturalists, that there are still a few of the gray bears concealed in the highest parts of the sierra, where men seldom penetrate.

Of cinnamon and black bears, two varieties of the same species, the brown bear of the books, there are very many in the foothills, even though they too are rapidly slipping away. In southern California there are very few bears of any sort, certainly no grizzlies.

Down along the Colorado River, in the low and swampy lands well grown up with thick timber, there are said by hunters to be a few of the uncommon Mexican black bears, a species seldom if ever seen by American sportsmen, even when they invade its native haunts in Mexico.

In addition to the great abundance of animals and birds of the Golden State it has, in the most barren of its peaks and in the heart of its desert region, the rarest game animal in North America, if not in the New World. It compares with the black rhinoceros of Africa, the white leopard of Tibet and the tapir of South America.

This is the famous bighorn mountain sheep. A few of its kind are still to be found in Rocky Mountain fastnesses, with the white goats of the Selkirk.

FROST BITES



For winter irritations of the skin, eczemas, rashes, frost bites, chappings, chafings, itching, redness and roughness, especially of face and hands, for lameness and soreness incidental to winter sports, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing for baby rashes, itching, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, is priceless.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and may be used from the hour of birth.

but by far the greater number remaining in the United States are to be found in the mountain ranges of the desert, from Mono and Owens Lake down to the Mexican line. Hundreds of these great sheep are killed by the Indians of the regions they inhabit every winter, and their numbers are diminishing at such a rapid rate that it is only a question of a very few years until they will have disappeared altogether.

A penalty of \$200 or thereabouts is imposed for the killing of a bighorn, but this does not seem to deter their annual slaughter.

Down in the mountain fastnesses along the Colorado River the big sheep are about as plentiful as they ever have been; but further north there are more of their skulls than their bodies, and on the shoulders of the animals themselves. Heads worth thousands of dollars are scattered, mere whitening piles of bone and horn, up and down every desert leading from the lava buttes and the sandstone hills to the towns of the tribesmen.

Once more plentiful than deer, now so scarce that it is doubtful if any hunter of this generation has ever seen one in a wild state on the coast, are the famous pronghorn, the antelope of America. In Colorado, in Wyoming, possibly in South Dakota, there are a few bands of these agile creatures yet remaining to delight the eye on the vast plains, but for the most part they have followed the buffalo into oblivion.

Compared with the mountain sheep as to rarity among the animals of the New World, it stands a close second. Once there were no doubt hundreds of antelope on the flat mesas of the southern part of the State, with a large overflow into the warm valleys of the central portion. Hunters didn't kill them off—there never were hunters enough on the west coast to do that; wild animals of prey didn't slay them; Indians did not accomplish their extinction. What, then, did send them all into oblivion? This is the question naturalists and hunters have been asking for years. No one has been able to answer it; possibly no one ever will, but to hear old hunters tell of the herds that once filled these sun-kissed vales is enough to make the sportsman's heart ache for the nature lover's regret that the Government did not see fit to save these, along with the buffalo and the bighorn.

There are two species of deer in California, both of them gamey and full of that sportsman's demand to make the hunting of them worth all the energy expended and the animals are fully worthy of all trophies of an arduous pastime.

These are the white tail—the Virginia deer, to be more exact—and the Columbian black tail, one of the best and hardest skinned of all the tribe.

The first named of these is a frequenter of the higher and more open spaces, while the black tail likes the shadows of the cool, deep cañons of the highest mountains. It is practically impossible to get one of these dark colored fellows without dogs, but while they are killed by still hunting every season by hundreds up and down the State.

Deer are the one species of animal which civilization has been unable to drive out of the land they inhabited when white men came. They acclimated themselves to every change; meet the development of the country and its cutting up into farms by increased skillfulness in avoiding their natural enemy and yet manage to pillage his fields and denude his trees as of old they were wont to feed in the meadows and on the slopes of the wilder mountains.

California, too, is the one State where mountain lions still abound in numbers sufficient to satisfy the most exacting of hunters. In the mountains of the northern and central portions of the State there are practically as many of these great cats as there ever have been and they are hunted throughout the southwest and hailed as the greatest carnivorous game animal of the State—barring, of course, the practically extinct grizzly.

No greater sport is to be found anywhere in the world than the chase of the California lion with well trained hounds. It is not an exceptionally brave animal but ranks next to the jaguar of Mexico and the American countries to the south of it in gameness and in the qualities which endear it to the hunter.

These mountain lions are the greatest enemies of the deer of the Southwest have. Each year the cats kill more of the antlered four feet than all other causes put together. One female lion with a covey full of kittens will be the death of a whole lot of deer in a single season.

The cat's method of hunting is most interesting; it never thinks of following the deer in the open, where speed alone counts, but does the coyote or the wolf hunt. On the contrary the mountain lion is essentially a sneaker and a coward. All his hunting, unless absolutely forced out by hunger, is done at night.

In the darkest hours he will lie along a narrow ledge in the driving rain and wait, just above the trail where the deer must pass from their feeding ground to the dense thickets wherein their beds for the day are made. Scanning the trail with his eyes, he is to be found at almost every spring, especially those back in the heart of the hills where some giant tree overhangs the tiny pool of water.

The leap of the California lion is almost always rewarded by the fall of the deer, sheep, hog or calf—all of which latter are its prey in settled sections—as when strikes. Unlike the African lion, the American cat does not quit once it falls in a leap on its victim, but follows it up with tireless vengeance, until it wounds the creature lies down. Then the cougar waits until his quarry becomes stiff from the cold and rushes to its attack, made doubly easy by the elements.

But the mountain lion is not the only beast of prey left in the State since the going out of the grizzly. Every one who has lived east of the Sierras has heard of the famed Canadian lynx, one of the most dreaded hunters of all the Eastern and Northern States.

California has a wildcat living among the mountains and the highest hills, which is almost as large as the Canadian lynx and is as powerful. This is the gray lynx, so named in contradistinction to the little red or plateau lynx, which is commonly hunted with hounds all over the State.

Elk were once common in the State, particularly on the great Tulare plain, and there are many of them yet in captivity, especially a few widely scattered in the northeastern part of the State. Certain it is that at one time this deer was the most conspicuous and thoroughly typical of all the animals of the State. On them, no doubt, in large degree the grizzlies fed, and they furnished fit food for the mountain lions.

One must not fail to include in this list also the mountain goats of old Mount Shasta and the wild hogs of the Colorado bottom lands, about the two extremes of California wild life. And these, it must be remembered, are only a very small portion of the four footed population of California. The smallest mammal in the world, one of the rosiest, sort of creature between a mouse and a mole, is an inhabitant of the fallow fields of California. Rabbits and squirrels such as the large chipmunk are here, with the addition of the jack rabbit, the biggest rabbit in the world and one of the largest of the rodents.

The biggest bird in the world, the California condor, is here, as is also the tiniest, the callosop hummingbird, whose nest is not larger than a woman's thumb.

The tiny warblers, the largest game bird known to man, comes here in the month of midwinter, as do also the tiny weasels, smallest of the sandpipers, which, during up to the coast in great bands, are regularly shot for table use.

The sweetest singer among the feathered choir, the California thrasher, is an all the year round resident, and the best mimic, next to the parrot, the magpie, is also among these present.

Most vividly colored and possibly the most beautiful of all the birds of the New World are the golden orioles, of which there are two varieties in California. Then there are the hummingbirds, of which there are none anywhere in the world except in the Americas, and the majority of which are inhabitants of California.

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.



"I Can Play This Piano"

Sterling Playerpiano

Think what it means when the young or the old, the novice or the skillful musician may brighten the home by the greatest classic ever written or entertain it with a simple popular air!

To buy a Sterling Playerpiano is an easy matter, for not only is the price a moderate one, but our system of monthly payments puts it within the reach of any one.

We have the only complete Music Roll Circulating Library

in Brooklyn. Our music fits any modern player. You will find it a great advantage to JOIN OUR LIBRARY, which, by paying a small yearly subscription, gives you access to practically all the music written for the piano—either classical or popular.

Come and let our expert demonstrators show you some of the great advantages of our system.

ON THE SIN OF SCRAPES IN PUBLIC

Mrs. Ruberino Hasn't That Weakness—Why Should Others, She Asks.

"These married people that quarrel and then go through the silly motions of making up in the presence of other folks certainly do give me all kinds of a pain," observed Mrs. Ruberino, while she was sitting in her flat last night for a game of cards.

"We had some beer and lunch after the game, and Keenclip is one of the kind of men who imagine they're natural born humorists after they've taken a couple of glasses of beer. So nothing would do him but that he should begin to make fun of Mrs. Keenclip.

"Well, her hair is a joke, of course, and it's hard to keep from laughing when you look at it, but you'd naturally think that her own husband would have more consideration than to hold her up to ridicule. But when Keenclip got to his funny stage he had to go and invite attention to his wife's hair.

"New product of the Philippines," he said to us with a grin as he pointed to her queer looking hair. "Changeable hemp. Fourteen different tints in the sunlight, but it looks like an Easter egg to-night, doesn't it? Fine bazaar," and that's the way he went on.

"Well, it wasn't in human nature for Mrs. Keenclip to keep quiet under that kind of prodding, and just when she was going to cry she thought better of it and she got back at him good.

"It isn't any disgrace for a person to have her hair touched up now that everybody's doing it," she said, and it isn't my fault if the job was dumfounded. I don't see why you should gloat so just because you had a little more luck than I did. The dentist that put in those four false upper teeth of yours understood his business, and nobody could ever tell that they weren't natural, but though I know they're false I don't go around telling everybody that they are false, and—well, then she began to snifle, for she saw that Keenclip had turned red and was getting mad.

"All this disgusting things, nothing is worse than two married folks airing their private affairs before other people like that! I wouldn't dream of exchanging sharp words with my husband before other people."

"Well, when my husband saw that Keenclip was getting mad and was liable to explode over his wife's allusion to his false teeth—and I am sure I never knew the teeth were false, and I am glad to have found out, for that man is always grinning to show his teeth—why, James thought it was up to him to do something to save the situation, you know.

"Oh," he said, trying to be airy, "we all have our troubles. You folks ought to see my wife take her glass eye out every night before we go to bed, and—"

"Well, that was as far as I would permit him to get. Such an astonishing and coarse thing for a man to say, much less one's own husband! Not that there was a chance in the world that the Keenclips would believe any such foolishness, but to think of my husband having the nerve to say such a thing as that about me before other people!

"There's only one way to handle a husband, and that is to beat him to it, as the boys say, when there's any sign of a fuss in sight, and that's the system I always adopt with James. Well, you observed that I made to James sort of caused the Keenclips to forget about their little passage, and presently Keenclip walked around from his place at the table and began to make up to me. Such an astonishing and coarse thing for a man to say, much less one's own husband! Not that there was a chance in the world that the Keenclips would believe any such foolishness, but to think of my husband having the nerve to say such a thing as that about me before other people!

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.



"I Can Play This Piano"

Sterling Playerpiano

Think what it means when the young or the old, the novice or the skillful musician may brighten the home by the greatest classic ever written or entertain it with a simple popular air!

To buy a Sterling Playerpiano is an easy matter, for not only is the price a moderate one, but our system of monthly payments puts it within the reach of any one.

We have the only complete Music Roll Circulating Library

in Brooklyn. Our music fits any modern player. You will find it a great advantage to JOIN OUR LIBRARY, which, by paying a small yearly subscription, gives you access to practically all the music written for the piano—either classical or popular.

Come and let our expert demonstrators show you some of the great advantages of our system.

ON THE SIN OF SCRAPES IN PUBLIC

Mrs. Ruberino Hasn't That Weakness—Why Should Others, She Asks.

"These married people that quarrel and then go through the silly motions of making up in the presence of other folks certainly do give me all kinds of a pain," observed Mrs. Ruberino, while she was sitting in her flat last night for a game of cards.

"We had some beer and lunch after the game, and Keenclip is one of the kind of men who imagine they're natural born humorists after they've taken a couple of glasses of beer. So nothing would do him but that he should begin to make fun of Mrs. Keenclip.

"Well, her hair is a joke, of course, and it's hard to keep from laughing when you look at it, but you'd naturally think that her own husband would have more consideration than to hold her up to ridicule. But when Keenclip got to his funny stage he had to go and invite attention to his wife's hair.

"New product of the Philippines," he said to us with a grin as he pointed to her queer looking hair. "Changeable hemp. Fourteen different tints in the sunlight, but it looks like an Easter egg to-night, doesn't it? Fine bazaar," and that's the way he went on.

"Well, it wasn't in human nature for Mrs. Keenclip to keep quiet under that kind of prodding, and just when she was going to cry she thought better of it and she got back at him good.

"It isn't any disgrace for a person to have her hair touched up now that everybody's doing it," she said, and it isn't my fault if the job was dumfounded. I don't see why you should gloat so just because you had a little more luck than I did. The dentist that put in those four false upper teeth of yours understood his business, and nobody could ever tell that they weren't natural, but though I know they're false I don't go around telling everybody that they are false, and—well, then she began to snifle, for she saw that Keenclip had turned red and was getting mad.

"All this disgusting things, nothing is worse than two married folks airing their private affairs before other people like that! I wouldn't dream of exchanging sharp words with my husband before other people."

"Well, when my husband saw that Keenclip was getting mad and was liable to explode over his wife's allusion to his false teeth—and I am sure I never knew the teeth were false, and I am glad to have found out, for that man is always grinning to show his teeth—why, James thought it was up to him to do something to save the situation, you know.

"Oh," he said, trying to be airy, "we all have our troubles. You folks ought to see my wife take her glass eye out every night before we go to bed, and—"

"Well, that was as far as I would permit him to get. Such an astonishing and coarse thing for a man to say, much less one's own husband! Not that there was a chance in the world that the Keenclips would believe any such foolishness, but to think of my husband having the nerve to say such a thing as that about me before other people!

"There's only one way to handle a husband, and that is to beat him to it, as the boys say, when there's any sign of a fuss in sight, and that's the system I always adopt with James. Well, you observed that I made to James sort of caused the Keenclips to forget about their little passage, and presently Keenclip walked around from his place at the table and began to make up to me. Such an astonishing and coarse thing for a man to say, much less one's own husband! Not that there was a chance in the world that the Keenclips would believe any such foolishness, but to think of my husband having the nerve to say such a thing as that about me before other people!

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.



"I Can Play This Piano"

Sterling Playerpiano

Think what it means when the young or the old, the novice or the skillful musician may brighten the home by the greatest classic ever written or entertain it with a simple popular air!

To buy a Sterling Playerpiano is an easy matter, for not only is the price a moderate one, but our system of monthly payments puts it within the reach of any one.

We have the only complete Music Roll Circulating Library

in Brooklyn. Our music fits any modern player. You will find it a great advantage to JOIN OUR LIBRARY, which, by paying a small yearly subscription, gives you access to practically all the music written for the piano—either classical or popular.

Come and let our expert demonstrators show you some of the great advantages of our system.

ON THE SIN OF SCRAPES IN PUBLIC

Mrs. Ruberino Hasn't That Weakness—Why Should Others, She Asks.

"These married people that quarrel and then go through the silly motions of making up in the presence of other folks certainly do give me all kinds of a pain," observed Mrs. Ruberino, while she was sitting in her flat last night for a game of cards.

"We had some beer and lunch after the game, and Keenclip is one of the kind of men who imagine they're natural born humorists after they've taken a couple of glasses of beer. So nothing would do him but that he should begin to make fun of Mrs. Keenclip.

"Well, her hair is a joke, of course, and it's hard to keep from laughing when you look at it, but you'd naturally think that her own husband would have more consideration than to hold her up to ridicule. But when Keenclip got to his funny stage he had to go and invite attention to his wife's hair.

"New product of the Philippines," he said to us with a grin as he pointed to her queer looking hair. "Changeable hemp. Fourteen different tints in the sunlight, but it looks like an Easter egg to-night, doesn't it? Fine bazaar," and that's the way he went on.

"Well, it wasn't in human nature for Mrs. Keenclip to keep quiet under that kind of prodding, and just when she was going to cry she thought better of it and she got back at him good.

"It isn't any disgrace for a person to have her hair touched up now that everybody's doing it," she said, and it isn't my fault if the job was dumfounded. I don't see why you should gloat so just because you had a little more luck than I did. The dentist that put in those four false upper teeth of yours understood his business, and nobody could ever tell that they weren't natural, but though I know they're false I don't go around telling everybody that they are false, and—well, then she began to snifle, for she saw that Keenclip had turned red and was getting mad.

"All this disgusting things, nothing is worse than two married folks airing their private affairs before other people like that! I wouldn't dream of exchanging sharp words with my husband before other people."

"Well, when my husband saw that Keenclip was getting mad and was liable to explode over his wife's allusion to his false teeth—and I am sure I never knew the teeth were false, and I am glad to have found out, for that man is always grinning to show his teeth—why, James thought it was up to him to do something to save the situation, you know.

"Oh," he said, trying to be airy, "we all have our troubles. You folks ought to see my wife take her glass eye out every night before we go to bed, and—"

"Well, that was as far as I would permit him to get. Such an astonishing and coarse thing for a man to say, much less one's own husband! Not that there was a chance in the world that the Keenclips would believe any such foolishness, but to think of my husband having the nerve to say such a thing as that about me before other people!

"There's only one way to handle a husband, and that is to beat him to it, as the boys say, when there's any sign of a fuss in sight, and that's the system I always adopt with James. Well, you observed that I made to James sort of caused the Keenclips to forget about their little passage, and presently Keenclip walked around from his place at the table and began to make up to me. Such an astonishing and coarse thing for a man to say, much less one's own husband! Not that there was a chance in the world that the Keenclips would believe any such foolishness, but to think of my husband having the nerve to say such a thing as that about me before other people!

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.



"I Can Play This Piano"

Sterling Playerpiano

Think what it means when the young or the old, the novice or the skillful musician may brighten the home by the greatest classic ever written or entertain it with a simple popular air!

To buy a Sterling Playerpiano is an easy matter, for not only is the price a moderate one, but our system of monthly payments puts it within the reach of any one.

We have the only complete Music Roll Circulating Library

in Brooklyn. Our music fits any modern player. You will find it a great advantage to JOIN OUR LIBRARY, which, by paying a small yearly subscription, gives you access to practically all the music written for the piano—either classical or popular.

Come and let our expert demonstrators show you some of the great advantages of our system.

ON THE SIN OF SCRAPES IN PUBLIC

Mrs. Ruberino Hasn't That Weakness—Why Should Others, She Asks.

"These married people that quarrel and then go through the silly motions of making up in the presence of other folks certainly do give me all kinds of a pain," observed Mrs. Ruberino, while she was sitting in her flat last night for a game of cards.

"We had some beer and lunch after the game, and Keenclip is one of the kind of men who imagine they're natural born humorists after they've taken a couple of glasses of beer. So nothing would do him but that he should begin to make fun of Mrs. Keenclip.

"Well, her hair is a joke, of course, and it's hard to keep from laughing when you look at it, but you'd naturally think that her own husband would have more consideration than to hold her up to ridicule. But when Keenclip got to his funny stage he had to go and invite attention to his wife's hair.

"New product of the Philippines," he said to us with a grin as he pointed to her queer looking hair. "Changeable hemp. Fourteen different tints in the sunlight, but it looks like an Easter egg to-night, doesn't it? Fine bazaar," and that's the way he went on.

"Well, it wasn't in human nature for Mrs. Keenclip to keep quiet under that kind of prodding, and just when she was going to cry she thought better of it and she got back at him good.

"It isn't any disgrace for a person to have her hair touched up now that everybody's doing it," she said, and it isn't my fault if the job was dumfounded. I don't see why you should gloat so just because you had a little more luck than I did. The dentist that put in those four false upper teeth of yours understood his business, and nobody could ever tell that they weren't natural, but though I know they're false I don't go around telling everybody that they are false, and—well, then she began to snifle, for she saw that Keenclip had turned red and was getting mad.

"All this disgusting things, nothing is worse than two married folks airing their private affairs before other people like that! I wouldn't dream of exchanging sharp words with my husband before other people."

"Well, when my husband saw that Keenclip was getting mad and was liable to explode over his wife's allusion to his false teeth—and I am sure I never knew the teeth were false, and I am glad to have found out, for that man is always grinning to show his teeth—why, James thought it was up to him to do something to save the situation, you know.

"Oh," he said, trying to be airy, "we all have our troubles. You folks ought to see my wife take her glass eye out every night before we go to bed, and—"

"Well, that was as far as I would permit him to get. Such an astonishing and coarse thing for a man to say, much less one's own husband! Not that there was a chance in the world that the Keenclips would believe any such foolishness, but to think of my husband having the nerve to say such a thing as that about me before other people!

"There's only one way to handle a husband, and that is to beat him to it, as the boys say, when there's any sign of a fuss in sight, and that's the system I always adopt with James. Well, you observed that I made to James sort of caused the Keenclips to forget about their little passage, and presently Keenclip walked around from his place at the table and began to make up to me. Such an astonishing and coarse thing for a man to say, much less one's own husband! Not that there was a chance in the world that the Keenclips would believe any such foolishness, but to think of my husband having the nerve to say such a thing as that about me before other people!

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.



"I Can Play This Piano"

Sterling Playerpiano

Think what it means when the young or the old, the novice or the skillful musician may brighten the home by the greatest classic ever written or entertain it with a simple popular air!

To buy a Sterling Playerpiano is an easy matter, for not only is the price a moderate one, but our system of monthly payments puts it within the reach of any one.

We have the only complete Music Roll Circulating Library

in Brooklyn. Our music fits any modern player. You will find it a great advantage to JOIN OUR LIBRARY, which, by paying a small yearly subscription, gives you access to practically all the music written for the piano—either classical or popular.

Come and let our expert demonstrators show you some of the great advantages of our system.

ON THE SIN OF SCRAPES IN PUBLIC

Mrs. Ruberino Hasn't That Weakness—Why Should Others, She Asks.

"These married people that quarrel and then go through the silly motions of making up in the presence of other folks certainly do give me all kinds of a pain," observed Mrs. Ruberino, while she was sitting in her flat last night for a game of cards.

"We had some beer and lunch after the game, and Keenclip is one of the kind of men who imagine they're natural born humorists after they've taken a couple of glasses of beer. So nothing would do him but that he should begin to make fun of Mrs. Keenclip.

"Well, her hair is a joke, of course, and it's hard to keep from laughing when you look at it, but you'd naturally think that her own husband would have more consideration than to hold her up to ridicule. But when Keenclip got to his funny stage he had to go and invite attention to his wife's hair.

"New product of the Philippines," he said to us with a grin as he pointed to her queer looking hair. "Changeable hemp. Fourteen different tints in the sunlight, but it looks like an Easter egg to-night, doesn't it? Fine bazaar," and that's the way he went on.

"Well, it wasn't in human nature for Mrs. Keenclip to keep quiet under that kind of prodding, and just when she was going to cry she thought better of it and she got back at him good.

"It isn't any disgrace for a person to have her hair touched up now that everybody's doing it," she said, and it isn't my fault if the job was dumfounded. I don't see why you should gloat so just because you had a little more luck than I did. The dentist that put in those four false upper teeth of yours understood his business, and nobody could ever tell that they weren't natural, but though I know they're false I don't go around telling everybody that they are false, and—well, then she began to snifle, for she saw that Keenclip had turned red and was getting mad.

"All this disgusting things, nothing is worse than two married folks airing their private affairs before other people like that! I wouldn't dream of exchanging sharp words with my husband before other people."

"Well, when my